

COLEMAN MINER

AND CARBONDALE ADVOCATE

Volume 2, No. 53.

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, January 7, 1910

\$2 00 Yearly

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on which to give your friend for a Christmas Gift

If you examine our stock of Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies, Pipes—No. 1 quality Vienna Meersbaum, from \$1.00 up. Calabash Pipes, from \$1.50 up.

We have a large stock of Cased Pipes, including the popular brands of B.B.B., G.B.D., Pelson, E.A.M. etc., from \$2.00 up.

CIGARS—In beautiful boxes, specially put up for the Xmas trade. Among our leading brands are: Nobleman, Chamberlain's, Prince Rupert, Lord Temington, Irving, Doros, \$1.00 up.

CIGAR & CIGARETTE HOGGINS—Gold Mounted with No. 1 quality amber, from \$1.50 up.

CIGAR CASES—We have a fine assortment in this line and the prices are right.

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Alex. Morrison & Co.

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Want What You Want
When You Want It
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AND
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We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Post of
Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes
and Fancy Goods for
Smokers, at the very
Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry
M. E. GRAHAM, Pro.

COLEMAN WINS AT HOCKEY

Moyle Plays Fine Hockey—Locals Too Clever For Them.

The Coleman boys demostated that they can play hockey and also gave proof that if they had more practice they could defeat any good team in Alberta. Combination work, however, was lacking in the local team owing to it being the first game of the season and the lack of having practiced together.

Coleman Moyle
Chas. Higgins Goal Grady
Bert White Point Donoghue
Art Ellis Cover Point Kelly
Percy McWha Center Gill
Alex. Griesack R. Wing Keating
W. Hogan L. Wing Dixon
Ed. Sherman Rover McKay
Referred, Pierce and time-keeper, H. McLeod.

There was some delay in getting the players started but at 8:45 the puck was skimming from player to player in a lively gallop. At first Moyle pressed hard on Coleman's goal and the home defense were kept busy. Higgins stepped a large number of sure winners and White steered the dark object many times from dangerous points.

Moyle scored two goals in the first fifteen minutes, Gill adding them both. One of the Moyle players' skates became broken and a short intermission was allowed. Time seemed to brace up the locals and when the puck was again commenced moving it had great difficulty in keeping out of Moyle's corner. Three goals were scored by Sherman and Ellis. The home crowd now gave vent to their feelings and cheered the boys on. At half-time the score was 5-2 in Coleman's favor.

The playing after half-time was more even and every foot was contested. Moyle scored another goal by good combination work and a few minutes after scored another. This continued until the checking became more pronounced. Moyle again shot on the goal but the referee declared that the puck never touched the net and after a good deal of wrangling his decision was upheld.

The Coleman players now got down and played together and in quick time three more goals were scored, Sherman, Bert White and McWha doing the honors. Bert White shot from home into Moyle's net. This evoked loud cheers and Moyle became demoralized. The play for the next few minutes was not so fast, the players evidently were taking a second wind. Ellis shot another goal for Coleman and the score remained 9-4 for the game.

There have been only two league games played so far. Fernie won from Moyle 5-3 and the other has just been shooting ability.

Blairmore Jottings

Dan Drain left for Detroit Sunday on a business trip.

M. McKenzie M. P. P. spent a few days in town this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Siemens Monday the 26th a bouncing girl. Good boy Bert.

Real estate is beginning to boom here two large deals as well as smaller ones having been registered by Lyon & Hinds this week.

The Cosmopolitan Hotel has had a complete steam heating plant put in and the hotel is now equipped with all modern conveniences.

Wm. Barrett, an old time lumber jack and miner in the Pass died suddenly Sunday night from heart failure and was buried in the village cemetery Tuesday.

T. Fryer and L. Duff of the old council together with J. A. McDonald were elected for 1910 without opposition. J. Marino, who is now in Italy, retires.

The Rocky Mountains Cement Co. started operations this week and real estate is being produced for the first time in the Pass. Good luck to the company and its enterprising manager.

John W. Wilson is blazing out a new road from Blairmore to the South Park this week and will report as to possibility and cost of same. This road if opened will bring a large volume of business to our village.

A. McLeod returned to town Monday after a flying trip to Ottawa and other eastern cities. Mr. McLeod says there's nothing to beat the west, especially the Crown Nest Pass.

Happenings of Interest In and Around

Coleman.

Mrs. I. Bessford left for a visit to Nelson this week.

J. D. S. Barrett left this morning for Calgary.

T. B. Smith is leaving for a few weeks holidays in the east.

The COLEMAN MINER is for sale at all the drug stores in the Pass.

A. McLeod, of Coleman, visited Lillo on Saturday and Sunday last.

James Bennett of Cowley, paid a business visit to Coleman Wednesday.

A. McLeod walked to Blairmore on Sunday to attend church in the Central Baptist.

A card party was in the Alberta Hotel in Blairmore under the auspices of the R. C. Church.

The Coleman hockey team defeated the Frank team by the score of 12-0 on the Frank ice.

Another social dance will be held in the Opera House to-night. Luncheon will be served at twelve.

Rev. T. M. Murray leaves tomorrow for Letbridge where he will take the Sunday services for A. M. Gordon.

Dr. Cartwright, of Calgary arrived in town Tuesday and is practicing dentistry at the Grand Union hotel.

Rev. Jos. McNeill will preach in the Institutional church on Sunday morning and Mr. D. Hishop will preach in the evening.

A social was held in the Baptist church in Blairmore on Wednesday evening and was a great success. A splendid program was rendered.

MARRIED—Arthur James Wood of Blairmore was united in marriage to Anna Catherine Hanson on Tuesday January 5th by the Rev. J. Sargent.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, never disappoints those who use it for eliminate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lung diseases. Sold by dealers everywhere.

The services in St. Albans church are as follows—services every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. First Sunday in every month service and celebration of Holy Communion at 11 a.m. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

There will be a social evening given by the members of St. Albans church at Mrs. Hatfield's residence on Thursday, January 13th from eight to eleven. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

Hosmer and Blairmore played an interesting game of hockey here Saturday resulting in the visitors winning by a score of 4-1. The home boys had the best of the play but lacked in shooting ability.

The postponed congregational business meeting of St. Albans church will be held in the church on Wednesday evening, January 13th at 8 o'clock. It is hoped that every one interested in the welfare of the congregation will be present.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Mr. Stevens, the engineer at the McGillivray mine, met with a very serious accident some days ago. His hand was caught in the winding drum by the steel cable and two fingers were severed. He is now in the hospital and doing well.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treating too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by dealers everywhere.

A meeting was held in the Institutional church on the evening of the 6th in the interest of the Canadian Bible society. Officers were elected for the year. D. Davis, president; John McLeod, Leslie McDonald, vice presidents; W. L. Olinette, secretary; treasurer. Two lady collectors will be appointed, one from St. Albans church and one from the Institutional church.

NOMINATION MEETING

Old Council Re-elected—Lively Discussions On Many Important Subjects.

A large number of ratepayers gathered in the council chamber on Monday evening for the purpose of nominating candidates for the year 1910. Before the nominations were made many matters of public interest were thrashed out and discussed.

The secretary read the financial and sanitary inspector's reports, after which D. James moved that the report of Fire Chief be adopted and also that a vote of thanks be rendered to the Fire Chief for his exhaustive report.

It was moved by L. A. Mandy and seconded and carried that the secretary's report be adopted as read. It was also moved and seconded by the same gentleman that the Sanitary Inspector's report be adopted as read.

It was moved by J. A. Price and seconded by L. A. Mandy that the thanks of the ratepayers be tendered to the retiring council. Moved by L. A. Mandy and seconded by D. J. Hill that the council take immediate action for securing the water of Metallivray Creek and that it is necessary, to send A. Cameron to Calgary to check up the matter. Also that the council take steps to get a road to Slax Town. Also the council took into the matter of a general hospital.

It was moved by D. J. Hill and seconded by H. Gate that we the ratepayers assembled do hereby tender thanks to A. C. Plimmer for the donation of a copy of this resolution be sent to him.

Afterwards the old council was re-nominated and as there were no new contestants the returning officer declared A. Cameron, F. G. Graham and J. G. MacDonald, elected.

A lively discussion took place on the question of incorporation. The James asked of the council, which way do you favor very satisfactorily by A. Cameron who explained that the revenue of a water system to be derived from the private or public ownership would be very remunerative and as efficient as the new.

F. G. Graham also stated that if he were given the franchise he could supply the town with good water and place the figure of the hydrants at one-half of what they are now. Apparently Mr. James and Mr. Leary are now satisfied as they nodded silent approval. A vote of thanks was rendered to A. Cameron on his able explanation.

A general discussion on the hospital followed, after which the meeting adjourned.

Financial statement, village of Coleman, ending Dec. 31st, 1909.

Receipts	
Cash on hand	\$37.00
Taxes	2,140.20
Arrears	228.40
Pole Taxes	1,857.00
Sanitary Fines	2.00
Sale of Debitures	2,018.50
Licenses	175.00
Dog Licenses	60.00
Proceeds of Ball	100.00
Sale of and from respoal	60.00
Refund express (sanitary)	3.25
Borrowed money bank	2,308.00
ditto (C. Olinette)	6.00
Total	\$6,702.80

Disbursements	
Fire Hall	\$2,077.63
Equipment	232.37
Insurance	69.82
Furniture	350.98
Cleaning & Carting	106.40
Light and Water	156.20
Fuel and paid men	44.78
Police	100.00
Debiture Compt and Recd	112.25
Sanitary Department	70.95
Printing Postage & Ship	81.74
Salaries	301.25
Street Lights	553.00
Water	350.00
Board of Trade Convention	44.30
Plummerfield Park Grant	1.25
Stamps	4.25
Streets work	930.00
equipment	28.85
repairs	11.80
Sidewalks	165.63
Creek	151.95
Bridge	516.30
Paid for Bond, 1907	35.00
Pole Taxes refunded	11.00
Taxes refunded	210.00
Paid Bank Loan	2,777.74
Paid C. Olinette, loan	6.00
Cash on hand	62.15
Total	\$6,742.80

Stock on hand at Fire Hall Jan. 1st, 1910.

I served red with and (now) but (I) could not find, 1 consolation red, 20 ft. 2 inch hose, 1 Sargent's corner, 100 ft. 2 inch hose, 1 hose nozzle, 10 hose straps, 10 hose anchors, 3 axes, 2 monkey wrenches, 1 chain, 10 nut, 2 interior 2 inspectors, 1 shovel.

Stocktakin'

Stocktaking reveals the fact that we are overstocked in a number of lines. The great sale is over but we will continue to give a special

Twenty per Cent. Discount
on the following

- Ladies Underwear
- Golf Jackets
- Lawn Waists
- Wrapperettes
- Cretons
- Men's Woolen Underwear
- W. G. & R. Shirts
- Men's - Overcoats

We still have left a good selection of Ladies' Furs. All must be sold for

40 per cent off

See our assortment of remnants at cut prices. Some good bargains in Tapestry, Carpet Squares and Furniture

Coleman Mercantile Co.

LIMITED

Dealers in General Merchandise

Fire Report to Council during 1909

May 25th. Fire alarm rung in at 6 a.m. Fire at cottage belonging to R. Easton, caused by defective chimney. Damage, \$50.00.

Oct. 2nd. Fire alarm rung in at 8:45 a.m. Fire in two-storyed cottage owned by D. P. Linders, caused by explosion of coal oil lamp. Damages about \$300.00.

Oct. 27th. Fire alarm rung in at 2 p.m. Fire at International Coal & Coke Company's boiler house. Laid fourteen hundred feet of hose, but did not wet them.

Fire staff consists of the following: R. Graham, fire chief; J. A. Price, captain; H. Gates, H. de la Motte, H. Higgins, C. Higgins, A. S. Ellis, T. W. Davis, D. Robertson, W. C. Jenkins, Alex. Easton, James Harper, W. Murphy, W. Hyslop, E. Sherman, M. Ross, P. C. McWha. Twelve men in Fire Hall.

F. G. Graham, Fire Chief.

Stock on hand at Fire Hall Jan. 1st, 1910.

1 service red with and (now) but (I) could not find, 1 consolation red, 20 ft. 2 inch hose, 1 Sargent's corner, 100 ft. 2 inch hose, 1 hose nozzle, 10 hose straps, 10 hose anchors, 3 axes, 2 monkey wrenches, 1 chain, 10 nut, 2 interior 2 inspectors, 1 shovel.

A CAPTAIN OF MOODS.

He Managed to Dodge Both Work and Matrimony.

By H. S. FRANK.
(Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.)

Gabe was lying upon his back, his hands clasped under his head, gazing unthinkingly at the sky. He was twenty-five years old and barefooted.

Overhead a buzzard floated upon motionless wings, and Gabe's eyes followed it as far as they could without causing his head to move.

If he had any thought that was strong enough to be called an ambition it was to be a buzzard, for a buzzard was not forced to flap its wings to fly.

Times had been going somewhat hard with him of late. For one thing he had had to think, and the prospect was that before long he might have to do. Cooner's daughter was now of age, and the understanding between the families had been that some time after Mary Bet was old enough to marry she should marry in order to save the seven acres on one side of the slope being separated from the nine acres which joined and crept over and down the other side.

Cooner was arbitrary, and Gabe's father, under the influence of Cooner, would be just as despotic.

Then Mary Bet was pretty—there was no denying that—and more than once Gabe's heart had thumped triumphantly in his presence. In that state he had even looked about her cabin critically, it may be honestly.

But Mary Bet did not like work herself. He had found the ax lying beside three or four uncut branches her father had dragged in and the seven or eight chickens pecking about without a sign of coop or shelter.

By that time his heart was again beating tranquilly, and he had viewed the scene with dispassionate forethought. Married to Mary Bet he would have to cut wood and perhaps



"Bill Tanner's with a dozen of 'em" make chicken coops and it might be would even have to plant a corn and potato patch.

The thought, made permanent by the persistent blare of Cooner and his father, had harassed him for days past, and this morning, feeling the need for absolute, unthinking rest, he had come out to this stony spot where he could lie in his favorite attitude, with his hands clasped under his head.

But alas for plans! As the buzzard floated slowly beyond view and the unthinking eyes following it began to grow dreamy and heavy there came a sudden rasping interruption. It was Cooner admonishing his father.

"I tell ye, the ardent voice was saying, 'This thing's got on too long. Just we know somebody'll be steppin in, an' then where'll our two estates be? Divided. There's that Bill Tanner already comin' up to see Bet an' she 'lowin' him."

"Pshaw! He'd be for carryin' her way down to his cabin in the valley, an' likely 's not they'd be for sellin' my seven acres some day. I tell ye, some, ye must be stirrin' up Gabe. He's a good boy and won't never be goin' off, if it's not for a single wicked habit I've never heard of."

"I'll see the good in this very day an' have him come up in two weeks. We'll have 'em ready by that time. I'll have to get Bet some new shoes, an' ye must see about Gabe's gettin' his hair cut. It's pretty to be long an' widdy for a weddin'. An' we'd better be askin' all the folks to come."

Gabe had forced himself as deep as possible into the leaves, and he lay with his head buried beneath his hands, looking quickly and hard or he would be lost.

Bill Tanner was peering back in the valley. He was a worker—not in the ordinary acceptance of the word, perhaps, but from the slope point of view. Gabe went to him there.

"Hello, Bill," he began. "Gettin' quiet here, ain't ye?"

Bill nodded gruffly. He had no objection to Gabe personally—only that

he was welcome at the Cooner cabin, and that was enough.

"Hello," he responded. "But I 'low ye'd better come some other day. I'm too busy to talk now."

"That's all right," graciously. "I don't mind seein' folks work. Come up tonight?"

"Where?"

"Cooner's, of course," with a grin. "But there's no need to get mad, Hill. At the look on the other's face. 'I ain't here to plague ye. I come down to see my later patch. What'll ye give?'"

It was Hill's turn to grin.

"I've heard 'bout that later patch," he said. "It's two acres, an' it's Cooner or I plowed it with his mule, an' your dad planted it all by himself, an' ye was to do the hoein' an' diggin'."

"I don't b'lieve ye've struck a lick in it yet."

"I don't b'lieve I have," acknowledged Gabe frankly. "But what'll ye give?"

"Thy, I thought they was your weddin' taters," said Hill wonderingly. "I beery Cooner say there'd be twenty bushels an' that ye could sell twenty an' have twenty for a winter put by."

"Yes, I heard him say that myself," smiled Gabe. "But see here, Hill, I ain't a blinder of nobody. He likes ye better'n he does me, an' ye like her, an' the worst thing her dad's got agin' ye is that ye'd take her away. He don't want her to leave. Now, there's ten acres that joins him on the other side, an' it can be had for \$20. I heard the owner say so. Can ye raise \$20?"

"I might put it and the rest when this back's done."

"Well," in a relieved tone, "ye git it quick's ye can. The owner'd take half down and wait for the rest. He told me so. He tried to sell it to me, but I didn't want no land to me."

"But ye must hurry. The preacher's comin' up in two weeks, an' ye want to be ready. Old Cooner'll be all right long's ye own ten acres 'tween an' two acres of taters."

"An' ye'll give up Bet?" incredulously. "Long's she likes ye best, of course. I ain't comin' in between nobody that was, Bill."

Hill looked at him earnestly; then his face cleared, and he extended his hand.

"Ye're the best fellow that ever was," he cried heartily, "an' I'm sorry for anything I've said or done. I'll be your friend after this. Now, what'll ye take for the taters?"

"Oh, that's all right," easily. "When ye're married and settled up there I'll let ye do the chores when I have any, so 'tween cost ye nothing but work."

Gabe went directly to Cooner, drawing a long face.

"That Bill Tanner's too smart for me," he grumbled. "I went down there thinkin' I could make a trade, but he's got my taters an' I ain't got a thing to show."

He waited long enough for his words to have their full effect, then he said: "I b'lieve I'll go out to Mexico or Maine or somewhere that way. The only thing is it'll be right hard for Bet to go so fur, but mebbe she can stand it."

"Bet go to Mexico or Maine?" almost shrieked Cooner. "Why, you—you plumb idiot, Bill Tanner's with a dozen of ye. Bet'll stay right here. Now ye be gettin' off."

"But I thought—"

"Thought nothin'," angrily. "Git along with ye."

Gabe went with downcast head until he got beyond the cabin. Then he began to chuckle.

His chuckles grew louder and louder as he widened the distance between him and the cabin. In the time he had gone half a mile they had developed into roars of laughter.

In his present mood, however, laughter seemed all too ineffective as a means of venting his feelings. He stood on his head, turned a handspike or two and then walked on his hands for at least a dozen feet along the rough road.

Not in years had Gabe displayed one-tenth of the energy he now expended. He was very tired, however, when his paroxysm of joy was over, and he stood on his head, turned a handspike or two and then walked on his hands for at least a dozen feet along the rough road.

When he awoke an hour later the first audible sound he made was a chuckle, and he continued in this manner an expression of his feelings, and the words and took a long nap.

When he awoke an hour later the first audible sound he made was a chuckle, and he continued in this manner an expression of his feelings, and the words and took a long nap.

Much of the next two weeks he spent upon his back, with his face to the sky.

But when the wedding day came he was among the guests, smiling and happy, with his hair cut in honor of the momentous occasion.

SIRENS AND SONS.

William O'Brien, the Irish political leader, is reported to have taken up his permanent abode in Jerusalem.

The Hon. Thomas Sankman, who has been appointed American consul general to Yokohama, began life as a telegraph operator.

A. W. Austin is the oldest street peddler in Chicago in years, but he is young in services. He is ninety-one years old, and he obtained a license at Chicago to peddle wooden cups.

Professor Brander Matthews has said something that is worth passing along to the rising generation. "The man who is in love with his job gets more contentment out of life than any other."

Emile Waldteufel, the waits composer, was born at Strasbourg Dec. 9, 1857, and served as a soldier in the war of 1870. He married Celestine Dufour and has two sons and a daughter. His residences are in Paris and the Villa Waldteufel, at Grandcamp-les-Bains, in Calvados.

Sir Francis Burrell, who is now seventy-three, has had a long and glorious career as a humorist, both in literature and on the stage. He was editor of Punch for forty-four years, taking the official desk when he was only twenty-six and retiring only three years ago. He has written more than a hundred plays, chiefly burlesques and light comedies, besides two comic operas.

Things Theatrical.

Eva Haverpelt has been engaged for "The King of Cuckolds."

A new comic opera by Julia Edwards and Walker Brown is called "Miss Molly May."

Maudie Adams may repeat her performance of "Joni of Arc" in the spring at a western university.

Kitty Gordon, the English prima donna, is to continue with Sam Bernard in "The Girl and the Wizard."

W. Somerset Maugham, the Clyde Fleck of England, is to write a comedy for Irene Vanbrugh, in which that actress will appear both in England and in America.

Miss M. C. M. is to play an engagement in Turin, then in Paris and will reappear in London. She is rapidly mastering English and will play in that language next season in this country under the management of Charles Frohman.

Sporting Notes.

Philadelphia A. A. U. is paying more attention to basketball.

Some automobile drivers are adding aeroplanes to their stock.

Reggie Walker, South African sprint champion, was refused permission to ride in Australia.

Holmer, a middle runner, offers Louisa a handspan in a fifteen, twenty or twenty-six mile race, winner to take all.

Thomas Penolis of Atlanta, Ga., is in training for the discus throw and other events at the Olympic games to be held in Athens in May, 1910.

The world's championship Pittsburgh baseball team's infield, excepting Wagner, are expert soccer football players. Both Byrne and Johnston were on a strong St. Louis eleven, and Miller plays with teams in the vicinity of Kearny, N. J.

Tales of Cities.

About 90 per cent of the fire alarms of Chicago are transmitted by telephone.

Hundreds of the houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul are equipped with outdoor open feeders, where the owners sleep in the coldest weather.

The largest tobacco manufacturing center in the world is St. Louis. Its annual sales aggregate \$4,000,000.

Not in years had Gabe displayed one-tenth of the energy he now expended. He was very tired, however, when his paroxysm of joy was over, and he stood on his head, turned a handspike or two and then walked on his hands for at least a dozen feet along the rough road.

Under what is now the cornerstone of the Bank of New York in Wall street, New York city, is the foundation of a bastion of the wall of the stockade that marked the northern boundary of the city in its infancy.

Recent Inventions.

A machine has been invented to wrap up wire a telephone or telegraph pole to save it from gnawing horses.

A tack hammer the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

A Swede has constructed an aerial torpedo which is claimed to be capable of destroying a fortification or the largest battleship afloat. It weighs twenty-two pounds.

A pulse counting watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in London. The watch indicates without mental calculation the number of beats of the pulse in a minute.

Facts From France.

The Eiffel tower is 985 feet high.

One aeroplane factory of Paris employs fifty-two persons.

France has a larger proportion of its entire population employed in the service of the state than any other civilized nation.

The National Council of Frenchwomen, which has a membership of more than 75,000, has been asked to present a petition in favor of woman suffrage.

IN QUEST OF SOLITUDE

The Rivals and the Conversation They Overheard.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.)

As the Norfolk and Western express ran down the grade west of Lyndhurst a passenger turned a set but whoebugone face to the window.

He was leaving everything behind, as he thought—peace, prosperity, unappreciated and taking with him only independence, which was but another name for obstinacy.

A ripple of foliage touched water caught the sun and flashed into his eyes, and his gaze followed it back as the train swept on.

Beyond the glint of water he could see a grassy bank with overhanging trees, and his mind pictured trout waiting in the pool below. Suddenly he rose, and his hand went toward the rock above.

"Why not?" he thought bitterly. "There isn't anything calling me now, and this will be as good a place as any to help me forget."

And what had he to forget? A girl. He had met her at the Golf club and the Hackett club and had played games with her as her partner and as her opponent. But, whether the one or the other, she was playing a side game with him. It was a game of hearts, and she knew how to play it well.

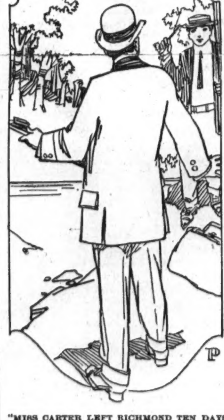
Whether she would lose her own case of hearts Lester didn't know. He did not think. He was not even aware that she was playing any game at all.

If he fought shy of her she would be very gracious to him. If he talked spongy to her she looked at him in mild wonder. If he persisted she asked him what reason she was anything but a friend.

"For heaven's sake," he exclaimed gloomily, "don't say that you're going to be a sister to me!"

Whereupon she laughed inwardly. Outwardly she was as sober as a deacon.

And so it came about that the young man got into one of those conditions in which one wishes to get away by oneself and think and form resolutions to drop the whole matter as ridiculous.



And fret and all the while be drifting into a state bordering on the one side on lunacy and the other on idocy.

Just as he lost his head entirely and wrote her a proposition of marriage if he had made some other girl a proposition of marriage the one he wanted would have come round. As it was the left hand, leaving his letter unanswered. It was then that Lester concluded to take an outing, and the outing he wanted was where no other human being was to be met.

The next station was a half mile away, and when the train stopped he swung off with his grip. Two hours later he was walking up the stream with rod and fly book.

But fate herself was fishing this day, and her flies were being cast into this very stream of mountain cold and branch shaded water.

As the afternoon made a cast for his third fly the branches ahead cracked and—

"Tom Lester, you here?" the newcomer gasped, his face darkening.

"Seems so," gruffly. "But what the dickens brought you, Ed Stevens?"

"The train went two hours ago. I happened to see this stream from the window."

"Surely not," sarcastically. "And the train went brought me two hours ago! I was in the last car and got off at Lyndhurst on account of the forsaken looks of the place. Any old hole was good enough for me. The agent told me about this stream."

Stevens looked at him curiously. "I was in the forward car," he said, "and any old hole was uppermost in my mind too. But what's the matter?"

Lester pulled himself together. "My dear fellow," he said, "I'm sorry. I only that Miss Carter left Richmond ten days ago with no message behind—just disappeared. Of course

there isn't anything in the city now. June and Bates have gone down the river to Jamestown to dispend, and I came up here because I had the thought of a crowd, and I said, 'I see,' gloomily; 'you'll fish till she gets back, then?'"

He swung on his heel and strode away fiercely for a dozen yards or more, then stopped and came back, holding out his hand.

"What's the use?" he groaned. "No one is to blame, though every nerve in me is tingling to pick you up into the river. Now give me your hand and let me wish you deserved half the luck you've got. Then you fish up the river while I fish down. But for heaven's sake don't let me catch a glimpse of your face again."

Lester stared, but his lip angrily and half started to obey, then swung back.

"Oh, jehaw, Stevens," he burst out, "a fellow can't be a cad! I'm not up here just because Miss Carter left the city. She turned me down that before she went, as she did June and Bates. That's what started us out. But we thought it was different with you—at least I did. June and Bates don't see far."

"Do you mean?" incredulously, "that Miss Carter refused you? Why, I thought—"

"Thought nothing!" harshly. "She was just playing with me."

"Play with me with all of us apparently. She's what I never suspected her of being—a flirt. Now, suppose we drop the subject, and you may as well forget what I said just now. I was laboring under a delusion. We'll fish the stream together if you like."

"With all my heart."

But as they fished on up the stream there was no sign of an uncanny look in Lester's eyes, and more than once as he glanced covertly at his companion he shook his head.

"A kind somewhere," he muttered to himself. "Margaret Carter isn't that kind of girl wholly. Maybe she encouraged Stevens some, but she didn't me—not any more than she did June and Bates. We did it all ourselves."

Another half hour's fishing, with scarcely a word spoken, and they entered a thicker growth of shrubbery along the river's bank. In the thick, some apple trees, some rather unpretentious house than his neighbors. It had a fine veranda about it, and there were blue clothes hanging on the line in the yard.

"Wonder if a fellow could get anything to eat up there," said Lester.

"Don't know; looks as if they kept summer boarders."

"What makes you think so?"

"Country girls don't wear lingerie. But I'm surprised that a man in your fix should be hungry."

"I am, all the same."

"Well, so am I, for that matter. What do you say to going up there and cooking these fish?"

"Heck! a beefsteak would be more satisfying than these fishy things. Without the scales and bones there isn't much. Come along."

Meanwhile two girls in white dresses emerged from a rear door of the house the young man had noticed and, screened by trees, had been coming toward them. Suddenly Lester's hand dropped on his companion's shoulder.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Somebody's coming."

There was a soft crackling of leaves, as though under light footsteps; then the crackling ceased, as if the owners of the footsteps were conscious of being upon a stone or log or perhaps were standing still gazing into the water.

Several minutes of silence, with the fishermen waiting for the footsteps to commence again and pass on, then Lester said: "What I can't understand, Margie, is your being able to leave Richmond for this abandonment of desolation. Why, there isn't an eligible man 'tween us."

"Amen to that!" fervently. "It's worth unnumbered journeys from Richmond. But I'm sorry for you, poor creature, plucking for the privilege to have me in my way to leave the country and the city maid."

"If I were I wouldn't leave such a quiet life as this and company. Were they whispering about you as formerly as when I visited you last Christmas? Oh, Margie," ecstatically, "has either one of them come to the point yet?"

"Proposing marriage, you mean? Lester and June and Bates asked me just before I left."

"O-o-h! And you?"

"Sent them about their business, of course. But don't talk so foolish. Lucy, I'm going back."

"Wait a minute. Did Ed Stevens?"

"Come! I'm going back."

"Come! I'm going back."

"Come! I'm going back."

NEW G.T.R. CHAIRMAN

MR. A. W. SMITHERS IS SIR G. RIVERS-WILSON'S SUCCESSOR.

The Man Who is to Take Over the British End of the Grand Trunk Has Been Associated With the Road Since 1896, When He Traveled Through This Country—Member of Stock Exchange Since 1873.

One of the continuous performance miracles of commercial life is the manner in which there is always a man ready to take the place of any other man who drops out. It doesn't matter how high is the place or how elaborate the equipment required to fill it, there is always someone to jump in and do the work when the emergency arises. Financial geniuses pass away, as Harriman did only a short while ago, and the public stands shuddering, waiting for the cataclysm.



ALFRED WALDON SMITHERS.

That must follow such a passing. But before they can catch their breath some other fellow has quickly stepped in, and the work is taken up where the master-hand dropped it. In the same way—though in different degree, perhaps—Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson retires from the chairmanship of the Grand Trunk Railway Co. only to have his place taken at once by Mr. Alfred Waldon Smithers, who had been vice-chairman for the past five years.

Mr. Smithers' connection with the company dates back to 1896, in which year he made his first tour of inspection in Canada, traveling over all the numerous branch lines of the company, as well as along its main arteries. This trip he has since repeated. In 1900, a company with Mr. Hays, he traveled over a large stretch of the route to be taken by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, going from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, the site of which as a terminal port much impressed him. Mr. Smithers is thoroughly optimistic as to the future which lies before the G.T.R. and G.T.P. systems. He is an active, alert man, and at the disposal he would be with that mastery of detail which is so essential in the head of a great organization such as the G.T.R. Mr. Smithers has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1873; he is chairman of the English Association of American Bankers, having succeeded Mr. Joseph Price—formerly vice-president of the G.T.R.—in that position in 1904.

A Professor's Test.

While conducting examinations at an English university Prof. D'Arcy Thompson learned that one of the students to be examined, a young woman who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and nervous that it was impossible for her to pass the self justice in the examination, and he was asked to make allowances for this. Prof. Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for examinations, and after meeting her he suggested that as they had a few moments at their disposal he would be pleased to have her show him about the museum. She gladly agreed, and they spent a delightful hour. But when the time came to present the nervousness of the young woman became apparent. Finally she opened her book and began to read, and the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Prof. Thompson, who had the dreaded hour over. While they sauntered about the museum he had put her through a rapid examination. She had answered his questions brilliantly, and she received her degree.

"Black Michael."

It was on account of his dark complexion that Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks-Bach), who recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday, was named "Black Michael." There are some who contend that it was his biting tongue and somewhat hot temper which led to the nickname. Most people are aware that his lordship was Leader of the Commons for a short period in 1886, and that when the Conservative returned to power he was ousted from that position by Lord Randolph Churchill. Nevertheless, even the bust of Lord Randolph was unveiled in the House. Lord St. Aldwyn spoke of the man who had stepped over his head in the Commons and of his son, who is a member of the Tewkesbury Division of Gloucester.

A Remarkable Record.

Few living peers have changed their names as often as the Earl of Anster. Born Gilbert Heathcote, he succeeded his father as second Lord Avoncliff at the age of thirty-seven. Twenty years later, on the death of his mother, he became the twenty-fourth Baron Willoughby de Eresby, and finally, in 1892, was created Earl of Anster. His pedigree goes back to the Conqueror and Adam, King of Wales, and one of his ancestors was Lord Mayor of London in 1711.

41 Meat Market

ited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE

FRANK,

HAIRMORE,

COLEMAN,

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Pacific Hotel**Mrs. F. Williams**Late of Coal Creek and Fernie,
Proprietress

Temporance Hotel

Is the place to stop when
in town. Good accommo-
dations for travellers.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms

Table unsurpassed in the West

Hotel Coleman**W. H. Murr**
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Rates, \$2.00 per day.

Water Works, Steam Heat
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Electric Light throughout

Steam Heated Sample Rooms

Grand Union Hotel**ADAM PATERSON, Manager**Liquors imported direct from Europe
and guaranteedSparkling Wines
Scotch Whiskey
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Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINERpublished by The Coalfields Journal and News
Company, Limited

Subscription \$2.00 per Year in Advance

Advertising Rates on application

J. D. S. BARRETT, Manager.

T. B. BRANDON, Editor.

Coleman, Friday, January 7, 1910.

THE WATER QUESTION

A perusal of the news columns of this paper must convince the most skeptical that the supply of water for the town of Coleman will be considerably augmented at once. The occurrence of devastating fires on all sides is a reminder that speaks silently and convincingly.

For some time past it was well known that our water supply had been inadequate and the pressure has been reduced by two-thirds. Pressure and an unlimited supply of water constitutes the sinews of war in fighting fire. No matter how capable and well-disciplined the fire brigade may be it cannot work without water. To-day Coleman stands in an unenviable light as regards fire protection. To withhold this information from the public would be a breach of public faith on our part.

At several incorporation meetings the question of a better water supply was thrashed out and it was apparent to all that the great majority of the ratepayers recognised the fact that our water supply was lamentably short. We hope the council will take immediate steps to secure the full water right of McGillivray Creek.

EDITORIAL NOTES

There has been a gentlemanly lot of discussion for a town.

With the municipal election over and all the reports, which by the way are excellent, are up for inspection we can pursue the even tenor of Coleman's way.

The election of the old council by acclamation is a tribute to the managing ability of the council as well as the good judgment of the ratepayers.

The prominence given to incorporation at almost every meeting shows plainly the intent and temper of the people.

Nothing could be more desired by Colemanites than a large and efficient general hospital with an isolation department. Everyone should work for it.

Coleman will soon be the "hockey town" of Alberta. D. J. McIntyre and Bert White know a goal player before he has a tryout.

The pall-bearers who attended the funeral of the old year feasted while they watched.

FORGERY CASE BEFORE THE COURT

John Roberts alias John Robertson was arrested last Monday at noon in the Pacific Hotel by Constable Hall. He was charged with forgery and was given his preliminary hearing before Inspector Belcher on Thursday. The inspector after hearing the evidence was forced to send the prisoner up for trial at Macleod.

From what can be gleaned the prisoner is a man that could best serve society in the penitentiary. He had been working for E. Disney for several days and was paid off. Mr. Disney paid Roberts his wages with a cheque for \$14.00. This cheque the prisoner by means of erasers and carbon paper raised to \$300.00 and took it to the Eastern Townships bank. Mr. McPherson and Mr. Graves saw immediately that the cheque had been tampered with and they handed the cheque back again. The prisoner then tore up the cheque and thought that the matter was settled.

Constable Hall was immediately communicated with and he found Roberts in his room in the Pacific. Roberts at first tried to close the door but failing in this he placed his hand in his overcoat as a last resource. Constable Hall immediately seized his wrist and pulled his hand back and at the end was a 44 calibre revolver. Murder was evidently in the heart of the forger. Constable Hall then pulled his own revolver and made Roberts hold up his hands. Upon examination he found another revolver with a six inch

barrel and brass knuckle dusters. The prisoner was taken to the barracks and his room was afterwards searched. Carbon paper, mask, and other necessary equipment for the carrying on of an extensive business were found. Even if the prisoner could have succeeded in pulling his revolver on the constable he would have been outwitted as the constable is the best shot in the whole force.

THE YELLOW PERIL IS LESSENED

Choo Luck, a Chinese laundryman in the employ of C. Gooey, voluntarily laid down his life amongst the reeds and rushes adjoining the bank of the Old Man river.

Some time ago Choo acquainted Gooey of his determination to cast away ruthlessly his celestial soul and take the long journey that has no surveyor's plan. Accordingly he wrote an epistle which he safely deposited in Gooey's safe and what he wrote was this:

"I, Choo Luck having tasted of the pleasures and pains of this worldly world, do hereby solemnly declare that man is made in vain and life is a dream. With the courage and spirit of my forefathers, I do not hesitate to tear off this mortal coil and gather my oriental robes about my loins and abdicate. May the spirit of confucius have mercy on my soul."

Constable Hall and H. Gate upon receiving the news of the finding of the body by H. Buck immediately went down and examined the body. Death was due to exposure with every visible sign of premeditation. A coroner's inquest was deemed unnecessary.

A NEW REAL ESTATE FIRM

H. E. Lyon and F. E. Hinds of Blairmore have entered into partnership and will hereafter carry on a general real estate and insurance business there. The new firm will also devote a good deal of their time to promoting different enterprises all of which will be of great benefit to the Pass in general.

Mr. Lyon is an old timer in the Pass and is well known throughout Southern Alberta, while Mr. Hinds who hails from Minnesota has been a valued employee of the C. P. R. for the past eight years, the last three of which he has spent as the local agent of the company at this place.

The large and commodious offices of these able town residents have been leased by Messrs Lyon and Hinds and they expect to hang up their shingle at their new head quarters this week.

MINUTES OF COUNCIL

The newly elected council met on the evening of January 5th in the council chamber. Members present, Cameron, Graham and McDonald. After the oath of office was taken much business was satisfactorily transacted.

It was moved by councillor McDonald and seconded by Councillor Graham that A. Cameron be elected chairman. Carried.

It was moved by Cameron and McDonald that C. Ouimette be re-appointed sec-trens. at a salary of \$200.00 per year. Carried.

It was moved by McDonald and Cameron that the minutes of the previous meeting and of the meeting of the ratepayers be adopted as read. Carried.

It was moved by Cameron and Graham that councillors Graham and McDonald be appointed a committee to secure an engineer to prepare a plan for introducing water into Coleman, also to get out plans to build a road into Shay town.

It was moved by Cameron and McDonald that H. Gate be appointed sanitary inspector at a salary of \$20.00 a month. Carried.

The council then adjourned.

FIRE AT BELLEVUE

The office and ware house of the West Canadian Collieries was completely gutted by fire on New Year's morning at Bellevue. The total loss is \$7,000 which is partly covered by insurance. For a time the tippie was in danger but a large force of men fought the fire successfully. The cause of the fire is unknown.

A CHALLENGE

I, the undersigned, hereby challenge the six men who are alleged to have drunk twenty two four gallon kegs of beer at Coleman on Xmas day 1909, to come to Cowley and perform the same feat, the loser to pay for the beer together with a side bet of \$100.

R. H. BENNIS.

Witness: E. B. Thompson.

**How We Will
Serve You in 1910**

During the coming year we will continue our policy that has proved so successful to us of providing high class goods at lowest prices. Whenever there's a chance for improvement in service, we shall make it. Every means in our power will be employed to make this the most satisfactory trading place in the town. If you desire to trade where stock is complete, where you'll find just what you want when you want it, when you'll invariably receive prompt, courteous attention, where your money will be cheerfully refunded if goods purchased are not satisfactory, this store will appeal to you. "We hope to see you often in 1910."

Evening Dress Fabrics

We have some very pretty
Evenings in the following shades
Old Rose Nile Green Cream
Copenhagen Blue Deep Red
Blue

Width 42 in. Price \$1 per yard

**Ladies and Childrens
Underwear**

ABOUT 90 PIECES

size you might want. All going
at a uniform price of**25c**

per garment

**This is Where we Part
With our Furs and Heavy
Dressfords**No reasonable offer for furs will be
refused1 piece fawn stripe tweed
Suits, 54 in. reg. \$1.75 now \$1.00
1 piece grey tweed, 54 inches, reg.
\$1.00 now \$1.001 piece brown bronell, lots 50 inches,
regular \$1.50 now \$1.00
1 piece fawn Bronell, lots 50 inches,
regular \$1.50 now \$1.00**Ladies' and Children's,
Footwear**Ladies' Felt Boots \$ 2.00
Ladies' Felt Foxcub Boots 2.50
Feet slippers, .65 1.00 1.25 and 1.50
Full range of children's feet and
leather goods**J. T. Bell's**fine grades in straps, Oxfords and
Balmorals, Overshoes and Rubbers**LADIES' COATS**

Six only — in sizes 32-34-36-38

Black Beaver and Fancy Tweed

Were priced at \$10 to \$15

Your choice now for

\$5.00**Ladies Dressing
Sacque**One only, navy silk, lined with
jamet silk, heavily quilted

Price \$6.00 now \$3.50

ONE ONLY DRESSING GOWN
Jamet Silk, lined with pink silk, 60
inches long, heavily quilted, a
beautiful garment

Price \$11.50 now \$7.50

Sheep Lined Coats

Mackinaw Coats

Tweed Lined Dock Coats

Mackinaw Pants

Heavy Tweed Pants

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES

Men's Foot Wear

Felt Boots \$ 2.50
Felt Boots foxed 3.00
Felt Boots foxed fine 3.50
Felt Congress 1.90

Lumbermen's Rubbers

Oil Tan Larrigans

Full range of fine fords

J. T. Bell's

Fine Dancing Pumps

Rubbers and Overshoes

Fresh GroceriesEverything you want in the Line of Groceries
and Provisions**W. L. Ouimette**

Canadian Coal Consolidated Co., Limited

Miners and Shippers of Bituminous Coal. Three grades Screened, Mine Run and Slack

Frank, Alberta

A BIG FIRE

AT COWLEY

The Alberta Hotel and Several Other Buildings Destroyed.

The quietude of Cowley was disturbed on Tuesday afternoon when the alarm went out that the Alberta hotel was on fire. Crowds gathered and in a very short time the house was surrounded by excited people. Smoke was seen issuing from the back. Several attempts were made to gain access to the upper flats through the front entrance, but the smoke was so dense that none could succeed. By a mere miracle the occupants, including seven small children, who were in a room on the second flat, scrambled down stairs and out to a place of safety. In less than five minutes the house was filled with flames and smoke and all hope of saving it or any of its contents was lost. Flames began to break out on all sides and the big building became enveloped in the fiery element. In the bar was a large stock of liquors in bottles and casks. When the flames reached here there came a series of violent explosions and time and again the building was sent to sway from the concussion. A gasoline tank stood below the eastern corner, to which the fire soon made a way. Then came one great burst, rending the corner and sending pieces of board flying in all directions. In less than twenty-five minutes from the start the hotel collapsed leaving nothing standing but a chimney. In the meantime fire was noticed in one corner of an annexed livery stable and attention was drawn that way. An axe-and-bucket brigade immediately made a fearless attack. Water and snow were showered upon the building and for a time there was some hope of its being saved. But, through a small opening up near the peak, a gust of flame entered and ignited the hay in the loft. Wafted by the high wind this whole block of stables, stock and livery houses were soon enveloped and beyond recovery. Next to take fire was the butcher shop of H. R. Parker. Teams were at hand and the stock of meats and victuals were quickly loaded up and drawn away to safety. Almost in the track of the flames was the big general store of W. G. Askey. Men scaled the roof and nailed cables thereon so that any part of the building might easily be reached. Barrels were placed on the roof of the Chronicle office and filled, while an army of fighters located different parts of the roof kept a generous supply of water on the heating buildings till the burning buildings collapsed and the danger had passed. All the efforts of the fire fighters were not a morsel too much for the saving of these buildings. Had the fire taken the Askey buildings there would have been little hope of saving the eastern portion of the town, and had the fire taken place in the late hours of the night chances of escape for the occupants of the hotel would have been very meagre.

The fire was started by one of the children dropping a lighted match on the carpet of a room on the rear of the second flat, which very soon started a blaze. The children were hurried down the stairs by the eldest sister and had a very narrow escape, for had they been left a few seconds longer they would certainly have been victims of the flames. The plight of the Dault family is pitiful, they having saved nothing and been thrown out lightly clad into the frosty mid-winter air. Friends took charge of the little ones and made them comfortable for the night.

The horses, cattle, wagons, etc., were saved, also the cash register. Everything else was burnt. Part of Mr. Dault's loss includes about \$200 cash, some furniture and other articles valued in all between \$300 and \$500. A boarder, John Wilson, who conducted the livery stable, which was burnt, lost a large sum of money left in his bedroom, all his clothes and other articles. He was at North Park when the fire started and the building was in ruins when he returned. His loss is a heavy one. Another boarder Percy Squire, lost his clothing and other articles valued about \$50. The waitress, Miss Good, who came from New Michel about a fortnight ago, lost her clothing and a gold watch. Henry Parker, butcher, had just the day previous placed in a supply of victuals and meats, and succeeded in getting all out before the building burnt. We learn the store belonged to W. T. Eldy.

The hotel, which was one of the old

Cowley and its Neighborhood.

A meeting of the Oddfellows was held Tuesday night.

W. V. Marshall, of Pincher Creek was in town this week.

Twenty-three below zero was registered here Monday morning.

H. C. Morrison has decided to give up blacksmithing for a year.

D. R. McNeil, of Calgary, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

F. W. Dault and family have gone out to the ranch near Mountain Mill.

It is thought a new hotel will be built next season to replace the Alberta.

T. Madden and C. B. Miller were in town from Lundbreck Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. G. Hamilton has moved his family in from Mountain Mill for the winter.

G. W. Buchanan received a shipment of live horses from Ontario on Wednesday.

James Bennett paid a business visit to Coleman Wednesday morning and returned at night.

W. P. Harrison registered at the Cowley hotel Monday and returned to Edmonton Tuesday.

Twelve men were engaged by the council Tuesday night to guard against the spread of the fire.

A. H. Gunn arrived from Calgary Monday to attend council nominations and returned again Tuesday.

Several cars were loaded from the elevator here this week. The price of grain has risen considerably.

Many persons had narrow escapes from flying timber and lumber at the fire on Tuesday, but no one was injured.

Mr. Kirk arrived from Lethbridge last week to take over the blacksmithing business of H. C. Morrison and commenced work Monday.

A meeting of ratepayers will take place in the afternoon of Tuesday.

Bro. to appoint a school trustee to replace A. H. Gunn, resigned.

Mr. Peterson, of the Union Bank, has been transferred to the branch at Cowley, near Calgary, and leaves for there shortly. He is to be replaced here by Mr. Orchard.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Another hockey match took place on the lake Saturday afternoon, between the country and town teams, and resulted in another victory for the town lads of 5 to 3. H. Pettit was referee.

The nomination for the district of Cowley took place at the office of Twenty Bros. on Monday evening last. The following were nominated: A. H. Knight, H. D. McMillan, H. C. Morrison, P. J. Riddell, H. R. Parker.

The meeting announced to take place in the parish room of the new Anglican church Tuesday night, to discuss the formation of a club, had to be postponed owing to the fire, and will take place next Tuesday at 9 p.m. All interested are requested to attend.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle one doesn't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by dealers everywhere.

est and largest buildings in the town, belonged to Mrs. Drew, of Coleman, and was under lease to Thos. Houre & Co., Pincher Creek, and managed by F. W. Dault. The building with its furnishings and outhouses were valued at over \$5,000. In the dining room was a nearly new Mason & Risch piano, the property of the landlady, was destroyed.

The loss of the Alberta hotel is a heavy setback to the forward strides of the town. The place has been a popular resort, and the genial hospitality had always won popular favor.

A bucket brigade was engaged by the council to watch the embers till morning. The high wind at night kept the brands bright and flying, and an uneasy night was spent by those in that neighborhood.

Lille Jottings

Rev. J. Sargent visited Lille on Tuesday.

R. Griffiths visited friends in Lethbridge during the past week.

The church services grow in interest each week, under the able ministry of Rev. J. McNeill.

The mines and coke ovens are working full blast all time and we understand the output is larger now than it has ever been in the past. This speaks well for the management, namely W. P. Williams, superintendent and J. Preston, pit boss. Several new men have been set on during the last week including many old hands, who have just returned from other camps in the district.

Miss H. Madden left for Calgary Wednesday to re-enter college.

Mr. Hawkins, of the Head Syndicate was in town this week.

Mr. Schofield has resigned from the school here and will be replaced by a new teacher next term.

Mr. Short, manager of the Galbraith mine, who spent Christmas with friends in Spokane, has returned home.

Hustling Town of Lundbreck

C. B. Miller will conduct an auction sale of horses here on the 11th.

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ELECTIONS IN THE PASS

Blairmore—Councillors Louis Dutil, J. A. McDonald and T. Frayer.

Frank—Councillors Mark Drumm, Harvey Murphy and Jake Whiller.

Bushtown—Councillors all by acclamation.

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA CO.

"The Time, The Place and the Girl" which the San Francisco Opera company plays here on next Tuesday January 11th at the Opera House, be it understood, is not a musical comedy exactly but a comedy with music. That is to say that its dramatic value would be sufficient to provide an evening's entertainment for a mental adult.

The proceedings. It is a legitimate comedy with a sane plot and situations and legitimately enhanced by two or three reproductions of unusual and amusing character types.

The most interesting characters in the piece are those of "Happy Johnny Hickety" and Mary Riley played by Teddy Webb and Miss Aimee Licoates.

Hickety is a bright good hearted young fellow, full of sentiment.

Mary Riley is a trained nurse, sophisticated, but not unpleasantly so, with a perfect mastery of the gentle art of repartee. These two meet in a Virginian mountain resort whither Hickety has fled with his rich chum, Tom Murphy, who is in trouble, and they fall in love. It happens that Murphy has a controversy with a card shark in Boston, slashed his opponent with a vine bottle. When the officers of the law follow them to their hiding place at the sanitarium, Hickety shoulders the blame only to find that the injured man is a brother of Mary, the nurse.

The piece could be played without music, but the pretty songs make it doubly attractive. There are a number of airs in the score, but they are all lifting and descriptive and never in the way of plot development. The particular hits are: "It's Lonesome Tonight", "Thursday always was my Joash Day", "The Waning Honey-moon" and "Brown October Ale". The chorus is composed of young and comely girls who add greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

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Christmas

Oh, Christmas!

It is coming near, all who want Christmas presents in endless variety see Alex. Cameron's immense stock. Cut glass, fancy clocks, watches, from the solid gold diamond mount down to any price. Ladies Rings, solid gold, from \$2.00 up. Brooches, Necklets, Lockets, Silverware—the largest stock yet. But, oh! The prices are so enticing. Oh! an young.

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E. Disney</

Roses and Repentance

By V. A. WAYNE

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The sun shone warm upon the tanks of the Chelipa, upon the tall elms and the low bending dogwoods and upon the little cabin in the half acre clearing, that was devoted to chicken raising and sweet potato growing.

There were odors of new growth in the air, the glint of fresh green among the foliage, and from a branch of the flowering dogwood a mocking bird was singing its delicious joy of the spring sunshine and flowers.

A white haired negro came slowly around the cabin, grasping with both hands a large bowl from which a piece and bone were broken. As he appeared there was a sudden commotion, which spread quickly to the remote parts of the clearing and to the undergrowth beyond, and chickens of all colors and colors of tail and wings were seen with wings outstretched and feet scarce touching the ground.

He scattered the food among them. After the chickens had, with impatience and many admonitions to be wary, received all the food from the hand of the old man, he then sought a plank where the sunlit field was warm and unbroken and closed his eyes and spread out his trembling arms that he might enjoy it to the full.

There were sounds of dishes being washed in the cabin, the swish of a broom, the passing of a bar across the doorway, the clatter of a tin, the hubbub of eager, expectant, joyful voices. The day was not an ordinary one; that was evident.

A low lounge against the cabin, a mattress lay upon the ground near the door, a saw still pressed its jagged teeth into the trunk of a half sawn branch at the meager wood pile—all these implements of the old man's life were left when work was over the night before.

No one came to resume work this morning, so it was evident that something out of the ordinary was going on.

Presently a dusky young face appeared at the window.

"Hey, gran'paw," a shrill, childish voice called. "Mamma say for you to come in to see clean suit, to give dress up the 'cuse' you wuk slower."

"Grandpaw moved toward the cabin. As he went in a troop of six peckish little came running out, all before him. A peremptory voice followed them.

"Now, don't you chibblins go fur off. S'pos' you gran'paw's done his wuk 'sine he fix too. Now, mi'."

At the end of the cabin a rosebush clustered up about the low eaves. As though through previous understanding, the boys began to slide toward this, keeping an inquiring look upon their sister the while. But not until one of their hands reached slightly toward a freshly opened rose did she notice. Then she said:

"Stop dat, Washington! Ain't you 'member dat mammy say all dem roses 'sine he save for 'Ona' Celia's marriage?"

But new ones done bloom after mammy say dat," expostulated Washington pertinently. "S'ides, nits' man'gration an' 'man'gration's a new'n's marriage."

"I don't keer. Dat's what mammy say, an' yo' all know mammy ain't say 'ting twice."

"Yo' gwine be telltale, Macie," scornfully.

"No, I ain't gwine be telltale. But dat's what mammy say, an' yo' know mammy ain't say 'ting twice."

Washington looked doubtfully at his companions and from them back to the roses.

Day gwine look mighty nice on we ain't new c'ose," he said wistfully, "an' dar's shorly too many for jes' marriage. An' dey keep openin' up all de durty time. Mammy ain't gwine car' for jes' one rose fo' we alle man'gration. Yo' know dat, Macie."

Macie did not answer, and Washington went on persuasively:

"Yo' know dat two nicksels I done gwine tottal' tings. Macie. Well, I's gwine spen' hit all fo' sweet stuff, an' yo'ose gwine b'at half. An', s'ides, yo'd shorly look mighty fine 'sine o' one dem roses pinned on yo' blue caliker, yo' shorly would."

Macie hesitated.

"Dar's no roses openin' up, sho' n't," she said thoughtfully. "An' I don't 'low mammy'd car' much, specially if he didn't know. An' marriage ain't nuffin to 'man'gration' now. Dey yo' say right 'bout dat rose look in 'pear' long o' my caliker. Yass, I reckon jes' one rose dat away gwine be all right; but, mi' yo', half dat at sweet stuff 'longs to me."

"Chilluns, chilluns! Wh'er yo' all be? Come, rusticate yo'selfs now! Gran'paw's done his ain' gwine up de road. Yo'ose to follow him. Den Mose an' me'll come 'long. We hit de road faster dan yo' all. Quick, now. Yo' heah me?"

Their hands were already plucking the forbidden flowers, but at that call the roses fell to the ground, momentarily subdued in the sudden consternation, then were picked up and hurriedly concealed about their tattered clothing. As they shuffled round the corner Washington slipped in behind his companions. But in his trepidation he neglected entirely to conceal

the rose. The sharp eyes at the door caught sight of the protruding stem. "Wha' dat yo' got inside yo' shirt, Washington?" she demanded. Her gaze swept over the guilty faces; then she stepped outside and walked deliberately round the corner of the cabin to the rosebush. There were telltale leaves and bits of broken branches upon the ground.

"So yo' didn't keef nuffin fo' what I s'pessly ordered," she said at length, with mingled reproof and reproach in her voice. "Now I's gwine tell yo' some'n', chillun. De roses ain't much, cep'n dat I say not tech dem, but make all de difference. Now dey's gwine lose yo' de 'man'gration. Yo' hap an' an' Macie'll go to de do'n's, an' yo' ain't will stay right here by de cabin all de 'durin' day, an' Washington be gwine chop wood. Come, Macie, an' be fix up."

But Macie hung back doubtfully, a mighty struggle evidently going on in her small body. Suddenly she raised her head.

"I done stole one o' dem roses, too, mammy," she faltered.

"Wha' dat Macie? An' I 's'pessly on yo' to look out fo' de odgers, Oh, chillie, chillie!"

Her mother spoke slowly, and Macie's head dropped still lower.

"It's nothin' but a skinny," she said, scarce above a whisper, "but I did stole one o' dem roses, too, mammy."

"I's badder'n dey is, case I was to look out fo' dem," her mother asserted, "an' I reckon yo' got to be punned wuss. Dars dat bag o' corn dat ain't crack yet. Yo' bring hit out h'ere an' pou' on hit all day. Yo' rap an' rap till go to 'man'gration by yo' selfs. An', mi', all o' yo', impressively, 'if da's any goin' on while we's o' dar's gwine be mo' punned tomorrow."

The children made no reply, but stood about sullenly until the old people had disappeared up the road toward Marianna, where the "dungs" were to be used.

"I ain't gwine do a stitch o' wuk all de 'durin' day," Washington declared defiantly. "If de wood git crumpled he's chop himse'!"

His companion grumbled their approval, and one of them kicked viciously at the hoe which stood near him.

"An' all dis fo' some no 'count ole roses," Washington went on irritably, then: "Wha' yo' gwine do to dar, Macie? Yo' ain't gwine to wuk shorly."

"Yass, I be," sturdily. "I's gwine pou' dis corn, jes' like mammy say. An' I's pow'ful 'shamed o' myse', I is. Mebbe de roses ain't no 'count, but I is de pit, Mammy say so."

Then, with a sigh, the children went to the door, and the old man's head might good to we alle, to see know dat.

Yes, they knew, but not one of them was ready to admit it just yet. So they lay there, scowling and daggled, their heels and toes into the sand and making loving remarks, and the old man's head might good to we alle, to see know dat.

But at the time they were thinking, and at length, in seeming desperation, Washington pushed his way between the row on the window seat and dropped to the ground.

"I declar, he's rights easier to wuk dan to sot her 'long o' sech grumblers," he snorted. "I's gwine into dat wood pile jes' to de change."

Presently one of the big swingers on the window seat slipped to the ground and picked up the hoe.

"An' I 'low dat sweet tater patch has mo' fun fo' me den dat crowd," he muttered as he moved away.

One by one the other thought of some occupation that was "mo' fun" and shuffled in search of it. And, curiously enough, as they set to work the scowling and grumbling and discontent disappeared, and it was not long before most of them were whistling or singing. Never in the history of the clearing had there been greater industry nor, toward the end of the day, greater cheerfulness. When the old people returned there was a crowd of little to meet them with eager accounts of the day's work and the embarrassed apologies for the disobedience of the morning.

"Laws-a-massy ne!" ejaculated mammy, with smiles that were very near to tears. "Wha' chilluns dey is! An' all dem taters now, an' all dat corn pou'ed, an' all dat udder wuk done! My, my, jes' to tink! An' hit's 'man'gration day an' yo' all fix up de do'n's. But I ain't to git yo, chilluns," softly. "I's done got peanuts fo' yo' alle, an' candy an' minings an' yaller oranges. Hyer, removing package after package from her capacious pockets. "Now, yo' alle run off an' nab a 'man'gration jes' by yo'selfs. An' tomorrow yo' all kin go fishin'."

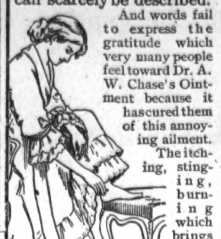
She turned and entered the cabin she murmured to herself softly: "Wha' chilluns dey is! Wha' chilluns dey is!"

Horses and Rain.

Day after day the lover of animals had stooped to pet the baker's horse, which happened to be hitched at a certain corner at the hour when the animal lover passed, and the horse apparently appreciated the attention. But one day the horse changed, and he snarled viciously. "Well, of all things!" exclaimed the animal lover. "He never did that before."

"Probably because you never petted him before in rainy weather," said the man who knows a little bit about horses. "As you value your ten fingers and general safety of limb, don't get familiar with a horse when he is soaked with rain. No matter how peaceable his disposition, the rain makes him cranky, and there is no telling how he will take unsolicited fondling."—Rex-house.

The tortures of Eczema can scarcely be described!



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Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, 60 cts. a box, at all druggists or Edwin, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

Willie's Choice

"Oh, mamma, mamma," sighed Willie, "you must give just anything to have three eyes!" "If you like, dear," answered mamma, going on with her sewing. "Where'd you have the other eye, if you could?" "Well, I think I'd have it at the back of my head," replied mamma, giving the easiest answer. "You would? I wouldn't!" "Where would you have them, then?" "Why, I'd have it in the end of my thumb, so I could poke it through a knot-hole in the fence, and see baseball matches free!"

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Halifax. ANDREW KING. I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Halifax. LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ. I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

Gladya—"Why are you going to all that trouble to open that letter so carefully, Maud?"

Maud—"Oh, I had a quarrel with George, and intend to send his letter back unopened; but I just thought I would see what he said before I returned it."

To discern and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle with effects after the disease has secured a lodgment, is the chief aim of the medical man, and Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line.

At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will give a most efficient remedy, arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.

Mrs. Dearborn—"You say that is Mrs. Burke-Martin?"

Mrs. Wabash—"Yes; Burke was her name and Martin was her husband's name."

Mrs. Dearborn—"But why does she use the hyphen between the names?"

Mrs. Wabash—"To show that she is separated from her husband."

CHILDREN

In disorders and diseases of children drugs seldom do good and often do harm.

Careful feeding and bathing are the babies' remedies.

Scott's Emulsion

is the food-medicine that not only nourishes them most, but also regulates their digestion. It is a wonderful tonic for children of all ages. They rapidly gain weight and health on small doses.

For sale by all druggists.

Send the name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Scaled Book and Child's Sketch-Book. Scott's Emulsion contains a Good Luck Charm.

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VISITING LADIES' MAID.

How a Girl Made Her College Expenses.

"Visiting lady's maid is my way of tiding over the summer, and I find it very satisfactory," declared a young woman who is paying her way through an eastern college. "In the winter months I am studying for an M. A. degree, while during the summer I polish nails, manicure feet, shampoo hair, clean gloves, sew roses on slips and keep my patrons' wardrobes in order generally."

"It pays me enough to keep me comfortably the following winter, which is more than tutoring or some other literary vocation would accomplish—that is, of course, unless I got pupils who could afford to pay an unusual price for my services."

"My patrons are the boarders in the hotels—women, young and old, who are there for a good time and want to look their best and also save their strength. You have no idea how the life in a hotel at a fashionable summer resort uses up one's time, strength and clothes. It is a wonder to me that women don't break down faster than they do. As a rule, they have clothes enough to stock a small shop, and to show them all they are kept continually changing over the lot."

"It is these clothes—packing and unpacking them, putting in a stitch here and wiping off a spot there, that supply the chief part of my work. If a woman isn't afraid to have her personal maid with her during the summer and yet long to have her wardrobe and herself always in perfect condition the visiting maid is really a very desirable person to have around. When I started out I took a room in an inexpensive boarding house at a fashionable summer resort."

"During the first week of the most popular hotels I was able to learn which women were without maids. I would then send up my cards, stating that my services were at their disposal."

"The second week I had all I could do and on very liberal terms. Toward the close of that season I was one day asked to sign into the private office of the manager of the hotel. The manager began by asking if I would mind telling him just how much I made a week, how much I paid for my board, etc."

"I told the truth in fear and trembling, fancying he was about to charge me for the privilege of working in the hotel. Imagine my surprise when he told me that his object was to encourage me to work exclusively for the patrons of his house during the coming season. They had received so many calls for my services in the office at times when I was engaged elsewhere, that he had decided to get me or some equally proficient woman to fill these orders."

"It goes without saying that I managed to get the offer. He offered me a room and board free, the privilege of setting my own price for my work and controlling my own hours."

HOUSEKEEPING HELPS.

A cloth moistened with alcohol will clean piano keys.

Clean linoleum with warm water and polish it with milk.

No soap on window panes! Rub them with either alcohol or ammonia to make them shine.

Decorated china plates should be put away with round pieces of cotton flannel between them.

Apply the white of an egg with a camel's hair brush to dy spots on gilt frames and they will disappear.

Soft soap made from half a pound of shaved down hard soap and two quarts of water will save the soap bill at cleaning time.

Cover plaster of Paris figures with a thick coating of starch and water, let it dry on the surface and the dirt will brush off with the dry powder.

Clean old glass pour strong ammonia on it, scrub well with a brush and rinse in clean water. Dry and polish, and it will then appear as new.

If your cook persists in washing the dishes in the pantry while the family is still at dinner, insist upon her placing the dishes to drain upon a heavy Turkish towel. It will lessen much of the clutter.

To keep spoons white and soft wash them in warm water to which a little tartaric acid has been added (quarter of a teaspoonful to half a gallon of water), then rinse thoroughly in plenty of cold water.

Saving the Gown.

"Each gown for its own occasion" is the motto that should hang in every woman's dressing room. The woman of taste will sometimes know about clothes what the woman of common sense has learned by experience. But both will at once agree that it is a breach of good taste to wear a fluffy gown upon a city street and that, furthermore, a gown worn out of its proper place will last but one-half as long.

Both of these women know, too, that a cloth or linen suit with a skirt never be worn in the house. It is not comfortable looking, and it will soon become kneed and wrinkled.

It is intended that in the house one should be dainty and feminine, while on the street it is desirable that one should look dignified, neat and stylish. These are matters that admit of argument—they are!

A Good Entertainment.

A most happy entertainment both for a lawn or piazza is a fortune telling tea. A text can be set on a lawn or in a piazza, and the arrangements with cushions and bric-a-brac is invited to come dressed as a gypsy and tell fortunes.

Not to be Outdone

"Ma father's a scort," said a little Scotch lassie. "And ma father, too," said her playmate. "Ah! but ma father's a brave mon; he's been in war, an' he's got a hale gang o' medals. An' he's got the Victoria Cross. The King pinned it on wi' his ain hand!" breathlessly announced No. 1. "An' ma father's braver!" cried the other little one. "He's been in dozens o' wars, an' he's got gangs o' medals and Victoria Crosses. An' he's got a bonnie vudden leg, an' a' with a triumphant shriek—"The King nailed it on wi' his ain hand!"

Being self satisfied is what you would call content in others.

Children Like PISO'S CURE

THE BEST REMEDY FOR COLIC & GASTRIC It is so pleasant to take—stops the colic so quickly. Absolutely safe too and contains no opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.

Women derive a lot of pleasure from being able to put some one.

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It is made from selected hard wheat, milled by a most modern process which guarantees absolute purity.

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Comparative Statements of Operating Expenses
Methods of Analysing Out-Handing Accounts
How a Trial Balance can be Handled with Accuracy and Quickness
Recapitulation of Sales in a Retail and Wholesale Store
How to Handle Monthly Statements
Proving your Daily Postings—A Prevention of Trial Balance Troubles
A Shorter and Better Way to Handle Cash Received
Checking Invoices by Machinery
Handling a Pay Roll with Quick Accuracy
Getting Cost of Day Labor
Labor Costs by Jobs—A Shorter Way
Material Costs by Jobs
Finding Cost of Pieces
Costs Invoices made in One Third the Time
Saving Time in Adding and Listing Items and Cents
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J. A. T. C. W. M. A. M. Robinson, Sec.

I.O.O.F.
Coleman Lodge No. 36 meets every Monday at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren welcome.
THOMAS HAINES, N.G. W. B. BROWN, Sec.

Knights of Pythias, Castle Hall, Sentinel Lodge No. 25
Meets every alternate Saturday in I.O.O.F. hall. Visitors welcome.
C. C. THOMAS, HAYES, R. of R. S., W. T. OWEN

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